

Kageccentric

by WobblyJelly

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Summary: The members of the Karasuno High School Volleyball team did not know exactly when did their fellow teammate Kageyama Tobio start to change.

Kageccentric

For followers of my HP fics, explanation of my absence can be viewed on my profile.

Disclaimer: I wish I owned those cute, dorky little volleyboys. I really wished I did.

The really pretty cover art done by my extremely talented friend! Check her out on tumblr: mishhe-kht

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><p>The members of the Karasuno High School Volleyball team did not know exactly when did their fellow teammate Kageyama Tobio start to change.<p>

It wasn't anything drastic, really. Kageyama was generally still an asshole who's sexual preference was volleyball. He still slacked off during history classes and kept his smile upside down the entire day through. He still used his pin-point accuracy to freak people out and made Hinata his bitch on the court (at least, until Hinata responded with equal fury and the gym resonated with their ever creative insults).

The changes were subtle, quiet and went, for the most part, unnoticed. It wasn't as if Kageyama came waltzing into practice one day announcing he went through an organ transplant. It wasn't as if he suddenly turned one hundred and eighty degrees on them and became announced his life-long dream to become a saint. There were no

changes to his prodigious skills or how scarily good he was on the court and, with everyone's head purely focused on practice at the moment, that was really all that mattered.

But suddenly, they became aware that Kageyama's temper didn't flare up as quickly as before. He wasn't as quick to snap (although snap he still did) and his infamous glare was softer- or at least, more bearable. His outbursts with Hinata didn't seem to bite as much, and dissipated as quickly as they had started. His posture didn't seem as rigid, his eyes didn't seem as cold. And although Hinata's constant hovering around Kageyama had become a natural occurrence, practice or no, Kageyama didn't seem to mind. Or, at least, they seemed to be able to put up with each other's presence a lot better than before. A lot better.

It was Nishinoya who pointed it out first.

"So, is it just me, or is Kageyama actually a lot calmer these days?" he quipped to Sugawara, who was his partner for practising steady receives for the day.

Said Kageyama was currently all the way at the other side of the court, once again abusing his frizzy-haired partner by sending him a wild range of serves. ("Oi retard, are you even trying?" "Don't trip over your own feet, dumbass!" "For god's sake, keep your eyes on the ball!")

Suga held the ball back for a minute, watching the two as they bickered on back and forth in their cultivated volleyball language. Kageyama once again barreled a ball smack into Hinata's face, sending Hinata skidding across the floor along with a deafening smack.

Kageyama glared at the sad sight. The boy who just went down had his limbs sprawled all over the ground. The ball he was supposed to hit back rolled over to a corner, forgotten. He clucked his tongue impatiently. "Don't receive with your face, idiot!" he yelled.

Hinata, cheeks flushed red, glared at him from his extremely awkward position -which was flat on his aching ass- and yelled, "Shut up, you turd! O-one more time!"

Kageyama simply sighed, walking over to help the hopeless kid up. He held out a hand and the other, though begrudgingly, accepted it. He pulled the boy up. "This is what happens when you don't pay attention, dumbass," he grumbled under his breath, rubbing the injured spot on the other's face gently in an attempt to soothe it.

Suga's eyebrow quirked. Kageyama didn't do soothing and comfort. Kageyama usually stood at the other end of the court waiting for Hinata to pick himself up. Kageyama usually threw another ball at Hinata's face if he was being too slow.

He mused over the sight. "It's true, he has gotten a lot mellower," he noted. "Why the sudden observation?"

Noya shrugged. "Dunno. Just thought it was worth mentioning." They stopped staring and continued their practice as per usual. Noya knew

that Suga wasn't the kind of person to pry into gossip, much less those concerning their team mate.

Tanaka, though, was exactly that.

"Say, Kageyama's been acting a little different," he brought up in the locker room once the subject of conversation had left, hauling the ass of a red-haired energy ball along with him.

"Hm, really? I didn't notice." Daichi passed a towel to Suga, who accepted it graciously. "Has it been affecting your play?"

"No, I don't mean bad, I just mean- different. Like, he's suddenly not screaming every, like, fifteen seconds. Instead, he's screaming every, like, every thirty seconds."

"Oh, I noticed it too! It's as if Kageyama suddenly knows the word 'tolerance' and actually puts it into practise!" Noya pipes up.

(At which everyone just snorts whilst packing their bags. The words 'Kageyama' and 'tolerance' did not fit well together in the same sentence.)

"Exactly! Kind of leads me to wonder what has happened to our little setter. Ahh- not that he'd tell us if we asked him, would he..."

Suga raised an eyebrow. "Don't go doing anything brash now, Tanaka."

"I won't be doing it alone! I'll bring Noya-san with me!"

"Sure, why not? It'd be pretty good blackmailing material-"

Blackmailing material. Tsukishima's ears piqued up at that. Yamaguchi gave him a sideways glance.

Daichi sighed. "Calm down. You guys are probably making assumptions. Most of us haven't even noticed anything-"

"A-actually, I have." All of their heads whipped around in surprised. Asahi stood by his locker beside Noya, suddenly looking very uncomfortable that all eyes were on him. He raised a hand to scratch the back of his neck. "I mean, I thought...it was rather obvious. Kageyama-kun isn't usually that...nice."

At this, most of the member's attention had been caught.
Nice?

Tanaka's eyes lit up again. "See, that's what I mean! Makes me feel he's gone and given himself a new identity or something."

"You know, maybe there is more to Kageyama than we thought," Enoshita voice aloud.

"Guys," tried Daichi, but at this point, everyone in the room was pretty much trying to solve the mysterious case of the New Kageyama.

"Perhaps he's gone to a consultant class? I did hear his teacher's been holding him back after classes."

"I think he's gone to a god about it. You know, the 'be a good boy and I'll guarantee your team will win the championship' kind of thing."

"In the end, he really does think about what's best for the club! I am so proud of him!"

"He still pulverises Hinata almost everyday, though."

"He's a boy going through puberty. These things take time, Enoshita."

"The king has probably gone to take some 'good-guy' classes or something."

"Oh, good one Tsukii!"

"Maybe the real Kageyama's been kidnapped, and the one we see is actually his evil twin!"

Ridiculous. Of course Noya would say that, of all people.
"Enough!" Daichi snapped, and every shut up in an instant.

He placed a finger on his temple, looking at the room with narrowed eyes. "Alright, listen here," he said, clearly putting his foot down. "Kageyama is a teammate, and while we all care about him- in some way or another," he added at Tsukishima's audible scoff. "This is not something we should concern ourselves over. Let it rest. Kageyama's a teenage boy. He'll go through changes sooner or later. Now let it rest and keep your heads in practice, understand? Now pack up and get ready to leave."

There were an array of conceding sighs, along with the shuffling of feet and a rummaging of bags.

Tanaka opened his mouth. "Well-"

"Out." And he threw all his team members out of the locker room, ordering an exasperated looking Suga to lock up before anything else could happen.

* * *

><p>At the captain's order, the team proceeded with their daily practices which, of course, included a couple of hyperactive second-years, a few overly-motivated -or otherwise overly-demotivated- first years, and a flock of third-years watching their precious babies squabble on the court. It was the usual gruesome routine: go in the morning covered in sweat, come out in the evening covered in more sweat. The boys of the Karasuno Volleyball team wouldn't have it any other way, though.<p>

Of course, everyone took note of Kageyama's subtle changes, but nobody really bothered about it much. They especially made it a point to not mention anything about it. They kept their heads in practice and concentrated on improving on their personal skills, and nothing else peculiar stroke the team after that, letting everyone

keep their head in the game (while, you know, they're not trying to stop all the first years from biting each other to death).

Until a few weeks later.

"Oi, Shouyou, pass me my bottle. I need a drink."

Suga nearly dropped his ball. Daichi stopped dead in his tracks.

"Go take it yourself, Bakageyama! Don't you have hands?"

"Hah? You can't even get it for me? It's right there!"

"Exactly, so you can get it yourself!"

Shouyou?

What. The hell. What was that? Kageyama never called anybody by their first names. Hell, did he even know what any of their first names _were_? And suddenly he was shooting Hinata's first name off his tongue the way he shot his sets off his fingers. Was this some kind of attempt to bond with his teammates? Did he think he seemed closer to his teammates like that? There was only one other person in the team who did that, and that was Noya. Perhaps it really was supposed to seem weird, but- come on. It was _Noya._

"Oh?" Ah, look. Tsukishima noticed. That's never a good sign. "And when did you guys get so familiar with each other?" he remarked snidely, raising his eyebrows at the two. "Did you let him kiss your feet last night or something, king?"

Kageyama narrowed his eyes at the blonde. "What are you talking about?"

Tsukishima rolled his eyes. "I'm talking about you calling the short one by his first name, king. Do you need me to spell it out for you?"

Kageyama first looked pissed, then confused, then his eyes grew wide with realization and completely he blanched out at his mistake. _Oh shit.___
>

Hinata tripped over his own feet and dropped the bottle. It fell on his toe.

"Ow! S-stupid Tsukishima!" The stammering and the blushing didn't help their case. "This is entirely your fault!"

"How is it my fault that you're such a klutz?"

"I-it just is!"

He once again rolled his eyes and turned his back on the fumbling duo, rubbing his hands together as if to say, _my job is done_. Yamguchi gave him a thumbs up.

The rest of the team watched as the freak-quick duo stumbled over their embarrassment and tripped over each other and yelled in each other's red faces, their ears all piqued and eyes all filled with

equal interest. All of them seemed to have reached some sort of mutual understanding.

Whatever it was that made Kageyama feel the need to change, or made him change, it involved Hinata. Although most of them really weren't surprised by this point. The duo were already so tightly-knit their worlds practically revolved around each other. But to mention his _first name_? Something was happening between the two and it seemed more than either of them let on. And now the both of them held the Karasuno Volleyball team's attention more than they would like to.

Kageyama flicked in between Hinata's eyes, making him whimper in pain. "God, stop looking so red already, you're starting to blend in with your hair- and get me my bottle already!"

They all sighed. He may have made some noticeable changes to himself recently, but those two, as always, are a _trainwreck._

* * *

><p>They all knew that what was Kageyama's business, is Kageyama's business. They shouldn't pry, and Daichi specifically told all of them (namely Tanaka and Noya) to lay off. Kageyama's going through puberty. Kageyama's re-evaluating his life choices. Kageyama's actually trying to be a nicer person and going up to him about it won't make him feel better. Kageyama will tell them if he wants to.<p>

But their curiosity had been sparked and volleyball be damned if Tanaka didn't try to stick his nose into his underclassman's business.

Plus, like, _please_. He was Tanaka. He made it his job to stick his nose into other people's business. Even if "other people" included a scary towering first year who could probably whack his ass with a volleyball net.

Not that he was _scared _of Kageyama, pshhh.

It first started off as examining him during lunchtime. _Examining._ Not stalking. Because as low as Tanaka was willing to stoop, he wouldn't go as far as to brand himself with the "stalker" title. He _did _have higher standards than that, for god's sake.

As soon as the bell rang he'd bolt straight out of his classroom and right to the rooftop, where he knew Kageyama and Hinata ate every lunch break, conveniently picking up Noya on the way.

"O-oi, Ryuu, your enthusiasm is great and all, but I have plans with Asahi already-"

"You guys have all the time to date later! This is a brilliant time to gather some information!"

"On who?"

Tanaka fleetingly noticed how Noya didn't even try to rectify the 'dating-Asahi' joke. "On Kageyama, duh! Blackmail material scavenger hunt!"

"Oh!" Noya's eyes lit up.

Which started the ritual of Tanaka and Noya not-so-sneaky spying on the stoic-but-not-really-as-stoic-anymore setter and his spunky redheaded other half while the duo ate, fought, and made an utter mess of the school's rooftop.

They were watching for at least a week and, to be honest, not much could have been gathered from their rooftop expeditions. They hid behind walls, in between pipes, and places they hoped were in the duo's blind spot- the closer to them, the better- but, other than getting to hear Kageyama call Hinata "Shouyou" a couple more times, they didn't manage to get anything special. The scavenger hunt would turn out to be a failure.

"Hey Ryuu," Noya whispered to him on the ninth day of examining (examining, not stalking god dammit). "This isn't working. We should try a different approach." And Tanaka found himself nodding in agreement, albeit grudgingly.

Apparently, 'a different approach' meant ambushing Hinata after practice one evening, barricading the door of the locker room and tying him up in a chair for questioning.

It was serious business. They had the electric chair and rope and single hanging lightbulb and everything.

On the electric chair (it was only called an 'electric chair' because Noya had written 'VERY REAL ELECTRIC CHAIR' on the back of it with permanent marker) sat a very gullible and very confused-looking Hinata. "Um..."

Tanaka, who was facing the door, made it a very big point to turn around dramatically, shoving his face under Hinata's nose. "So, Hinata," he drawled, and the poor boy recoiled at his upperclassman's very dangerous looking smile.

"Um, I'm sorry if I did anything wrong!" he blurted out, flailing a little in his seat. He tried to remember anything, anything that could have pissed the second years off, anything that could have gotten him into this predicament. But his mind still came up blank. His heart was thumping rapidly in his chest. His upperclassmen's silence and evil grins weren't helping.

Noya shoved Hinata's shoulder a bit, resting his leg on the base of the chair and staring straight into his junior's eyes. Hinata was screaming all different octaves of "please save me!" in his head.

"So, Shouyou," he started off cheerfully enough. "You noticed anything different about Kageyama lately?"

Hinata merely replied him with a blank stare. "Different? How?"

"As in, he doesn't look like he's kicking puppies for fun anymore," Tanaka explained in the only way he knew how.

"Ha-ah? Ka- Kageyama kicks puppies?"

Noya and Tanaka sighed. Of course. This was Hinata they were dealing with.

Noya shoved his shoulder a little harder. "We mean," he tried again. "He's going through some major personality changes, and we think they gotta do with you."

Hinata raised his eyebrows at that. "Personality changes? Like how? Does he suddenly suck at setting?"

"What- no."

"Does he suddenly not like volleyball?"

"No, that's not it-"

"Does he suddenly want to become a spiker?"

"No, dammit Hinata-"

Hinata looked more confused than ever. Noya let out an frustrated noise from the back of his throat.

"Don't you think he's seemed...nicer? Lately? Like, not so grumpy and angry all the time? Maybe even a little sweet?"

At this Hinata just completely gave up on what they were talking about. Kageyama? Sweet? He wanted to ask his upperclassmen to get their brains checked but didn't know how to do it without getting plummeted six feet under.

He saw the exasperated looks on their faces. "I'm really sorry," he said, actually sincere about it. "But I really don't...T- Kageyama didn't really change...to me, so..."

Tanaka sighed resignedly, looking glum. Their plan B failed as well. "I guess you'd know best, wouldn't you? Since you're the closest to him," he said, admitting defeat.

"Um... I guess?" he really didn't know how to deal with this situation.

"_But_," he wasn't ready to give up hope just yet. "If you notice anything different, anything at all, you have to report it to us, ya hear me?"

"Yessir!" he squeaked, eyes shifting from a determined-looking Tanaka-senpai to a very scary looking Noya-senpai, and he vowed to value his life a lot more from that moment onwards.

Suddenly there was a rapid knocking on the door, so hard it almost knocked its hinges right off. "Oi Shouyou!" Kageyama called from the other side, sounding not at all pleased. "What the hell are you doing in there? You're taking way too long!"

Hinata let a small "eep" sound pass through his lips and he sprinted across the room from the chair, gathering his things in a mad dash and whipping open the door to reveal a very agitated, not-willing-to-deal-with-your-shit-right-now-Hinata looking Kageyama.

"Honestly," he growled, ruffling Hinata's hair with more force than was necessary. "You tell me to wait for you by the gate and then you go lock yourself up in this dark room-"

"Tanaka-senpai and Noya-senpai wanted to talk. That's all, Tobio," he replied back with a burst of energy, swatting Kageyama's hand off and slinging his bag over his shoulder.

He turned back to face his seniors. "Well, we'll be leaving now," he announced, grinning at the two. Beside him, Kageyama sighed.

"Good work today," he muttered to no one in particular. He ruffled Hinata's hair again and the both of them made their way down the stairs, their footsteps as boisterous as their bickering. The noise disappeared overtime as the boys made their way out of the compound.

The two second-years were left sitting in the locker room, staring at the door and utterly dumbstruck, because the both of them had realized something that raised their curiosity even more.

Hinata called Kageyama by his first name.

* * *

><p>Daichi was not happy with them when he heard what had happened. Not happy at all.<p>

"I thought I told the both of you to lay off," he growled into their ears, grabbing them both by the head with a grip far stronger than necessary. Suga was fluttering around him in a vain attempt to calm him down.

The two of them whimpered under his gaze. "B-but, we did learn something!"

Daichi let out a frustrated growl. Honestly, his team could be such a handful sometimes.

After about a hundred consecutive apologies later, a promise to take him and Suga out for ramen and an entire year's worth of admonishment from their extremely displeased captain, the two of them were able to report their findings.

"So it's not only Kageyama who calls Hinata by his first name, you know! Hinata does it too!" Noya announced it like it's been the most mysterious thing discovered since UFOs. "Hinata called him Tobio last night! And he almost called him Tobio in front of us too. Right, Ryuu?"

Tanaka nodded his head enthusiastically in agreement. "It's like, they both have changed, but I guess Kageyama's are more noticeable since, he's been kind of an asshole until recently- but a nice asshole which sets good tosses for me and helps us win- and Hinata's always been this fiery ball of energy and noise but I think they're kind of working together like some kind of conspiracy or something-"

"Hinata has sort of changed too, actually. His energy seems to be more focused around Kageyama, which only further proves that they're

plotting some weird strategy together- "

"Maybe-" a gasp "-they're plotting on how to kidnap Kiyoko-san!"

"How dare they! They could never lay a hand on our goddess Kiyoko-san! Touch her and they will have hell to pay!"

Suga and Daichi sighed. Those two are as rowdy as usual.

But ever since then, the rest of the team started watching the freak duo more closely. It wasn't like it was intentional, honest. Besides, the two were so loud it was hard not pay attention to their daily disputes and heated arguments. It was kind of entertaining watching the both of them drive each other up the wall, although Daichi would try his best to break them up most of the time.

But they started noticing the smaller things too, just the way they did when this all started- the way Kageyama's voice was softer when they spoke, even when they bickered. The way Hinata turned straight to look at Kageyama, no one else, after scoring a point. The way Kageyamainstantly went to Hinata's side if Hinata didn't approach him first. The way Kageyama sounded almost _affectionate _when he berated Hinata on his receives.

"Oi, airhead, you call that a receive? Pathetic!"

Okay, so maybe they could scratch that last part.

However they still did, for the most part, remain normal- or whatever it is they were. They still fought on a daily basis. Kageyama still clucked his tongue at Hinata and no one else, and Hinata still was a persistent little fly under Kageyama's twitching nose. They were as easy to ignore as they were to notice, seeing as the team was much too used to their antics to really give two shits. Noya and Tanaka didn't try anything else that was detrimental to Hinata's mental state, and the Karasuno Volleyball team carried on with their merry practicing.

But that didn't mean that anyone had lost interest, and so when Kageyama entered the gym one day with murderous intent practically radiating off his back the whole team was on high alert.

Asahi, of all people, was the one to approach him first.

"Kageyama-kun, are you alright?" he said gently, looking down at his underclassman. The rest of the team held their breath, bracing themselves.

They expected death glares. They expected growling. Stomping. Things that turned him into the Abominable Snowman with a stubbed toe.

What they didn't expect was to see his shoulders sag in defeat, his face crestfallen, and him letting out a dejected grunt. "I'm fine, Asahi-san. Thanks," he muttered. He pushed past his senior in a slight rush to get away, jogging further into the gym. He set down his bottle without a word and began his warm-up exercises.

The whole team was stuck in another "what the hell" predicament.

Practice that day started off well enough. Whatever Kageyama was dealing with, it didn't show in his play, which satisfied Daichi enough that he didn't feel the need to pursue the subject. He still treated his teammates well enough, speaking with the softness and politeness he had picked up from his change in personality. His form was still perfect, his aim was still sickeningly accurate, and it wasn't until Hinata came stumbling in about an hour after practice started did the team remember that there was anything wrong with Kageyama.

Hinata came rumbling in with a sheepish grin, scratching at the back of his head while facing the questionable looks of his teammates. "Sorry I'm late. I got held back by a teacher." He dropped his bag on the spot and moved further into the gym. "I'll run ten more laps to make up for it!" He spun straight into action before anyone else could say anything.

The atmosphere in the gym dropped within that instant, but that day, nobody mentions anything.

Nobody mentions that Hinata came in with puffy eyes and tear marks on his cheeks.

Nobody mentions Hinata's obvious effort to ignore Kageyama's overwhelming presence.

Nobody mentions Hinata's blatant misses at any spiking attempts.

Nobody mentions Kageyama's slight waver in his accuracy.

Nobody mentions the noise, the lack of commotion.

Nobody mentions the tension. Nobody mentioned the silence.

At least, not until practice was over.

"The tension between the two was so thick you had to cut it with a _chainsaw_," muttered Tsukishima in the locker room. Yamaguchi nodded fervently in agreement.

Daichi frowned. "Well, whatever it is, I hope the both of them clear it up soon. It's starting to affect our play and we're having a practice match soon-

"Daichi." Suga sighed, placing a hand on his captain's shoulder. "Perhaps we shouldn't focus on volleyball for this situation."

Asahi's brows furrow with concern. "I hope it's nothing too serious. I mean, Hinata's very fragile when it comes to emotions."

"Just like you, isn't it?" exclaimed Noya, clapping a hand to his back. He flushed in embarrassment. The other members snickered silently.

The door clicked open and everyone shut their mouths at the same time.

Hinata came wobbling in, looking as worn out as ever. His eye bags

sagged. His eyelids could barely keep open. His whole frame just looked as if he had the wind knocked out of him. He mumbled the required formalities, yawning as he did so. He floundered over to his locker, drowsily picking things up and stuffing them into his bag. To the rest of the team, he just looked a bit more tired than usual, and they continued on with their usual merrymaking, careful not to tread on any sensitive topics.

A slightly concerned mama Suga made his way over to Hinata's side tentatively. "Hey Hinata, you okay?" he asked the younger boy gently.

Hinata yawned in response, mindlessly putting the remainder of his stuff into his bag (which was already overflowing with junk, might I add). He smacked his lips together before turning around to face his vice-captain. "I'm fine, Suga-san," he murmured, giving him a very lopsided grin that looked a little forced in his half-deranged state. "Little tired, is all."

Kageyama made his way in then, calling out the mandatory "sorry for intruding" and Hinata froze in his spot.

He spun on his heel and made a move to keep his things at an even faster pace, not once glancing up from his bag. The change between the two Hinatas was so extreme Suga actually backed away from him a bit. All traces of drowsiness or fatigue were definitely gone now, the previous lopsided grin wiped clean off his face. When he was done he zipped up his bag so quick the zipper might have broke and all but ran out of the locker room, murmuring a "good work today" loud enough for only Asahi and Noya to hear before high-tailing right out of there.

The rest of the members exchanged looks, unsure of what to do. Suga watched him go from where he stood, eyebrows furrowed.

Kageyama stood rooted to his spot, watching the flash of orange and red leave the room as if it were contaminated. His hands were balled into fists, and he looked like he really wanted to scream, or punch a wall, or do something destructive. Some members of the team started fearing for the room's safety. Suga pursed his lips.

"Hinata," he started, and Kageyama's head whipped up to look at him dead in the eye. "Was crying. Did you notice that, Kageyama?"

The locker room fell silent.

Kageyama's expression went through a variety of changes, from shock to anger to irritation to surprise to flabbergast to, finally, defeat. he turned his head away from Suga's patronizing gaze. He looked completely numb. Dumbfounded. Lost. Whatever happened between them, it wasn't just affecting Hinata. It was affecting Kageyama as well. Badly.

And then his composure returned and his expression hardened, the look in his eyes intensifying. He muttered something under his breath that nobody could catch (although Suga was sure it went along the lines of "that idiot Hinata") and pushed past his upperclassman, marching straight out the door with a "good work today" and slamming the door behind him. He hadn't bothered to take his bag with him.

The team exchanged looks again.

They all knew that Kageyama was the reserved type, the closed-up kind. He didn't feel comfortable with human interaction, he didn't feel a need to share his emotions. He was always striving to make himself better, whether that was physically or emotionally. And so they knew that whatever Kageyama was dealing with, he wanted to deal with it alone. Because that's how he's always been and that's what he's used to. He was strong. He was capable. He was solid.

But no matter how firm or sturdy he made himself out to be, his voice when he muttered those three words sounded so incredibly sad that not even Tsukishima had the heart to make fun of him for it.

* * *

><p>The team had come to acknowledge that Kageyama Tobio is a young man. He will have his different stages in life. He will have his own opinions and his changes in maturity.<p>

The team has also come to acknowledge that Kageyama's life, no matter how annoying the person himself found it to be, was directly intertwined with Hinata Shouyou. It didn't matter whether he wanted it or not; he _put himself there._He burst into Kageyama's life with a ray of golden light shining behind him, practically making him glow.

The team had also come to acknowledge that Kageyama may not find it as annoying as he makes it out to be, although the boy might not realize this himself yet.

As time passed the team had come to acknowledge that the two of them were pretty much a package deal. It was kind of a 'buy one free one' kind of thing if you chose to look at it that way. You couldn't have one without the other. It was just the way life worked.

And so when something was up with one of them, the team knew, they just knew, that the both of them would be devastatingly affected.

And of course, the team had to acknowledge that their success heavily depended on the duo's functioning state. And so with the two of them in some kind of never-ending disagreement, the whole team was basically in shambles.

They had tentatively hoped (although proved futile) that this was just one of their normal arguments. That they'd return to the court the next morning, bickering and arguing and gripping at each other's hair. That their voices would carry around the court and would either excite people or make them shake their heads in exasperation. That they would go on calling each other by their first names, just like they have been doing recently.

But it was obviously so much more than that. They didn't even look at each other now, much less call each other's names. They hardly talked, and they both stayed on opposite sides of the court. Coach Ukai raised an eyebrow at the request from Hinata, but he saw Daichi's weary gaze and didn't ask questions. When practices were over, Hinata bolted out of the locker room as soon as Kageyama entered, so that the two would have next to no chances of

interaction.

With those two tip-toeing around each other in some kind of awkward dance, the others were a walking havoc. Asahi found himself too concerned with Hinata's emotions and couldn't spike Kageyama's tosses in good conscience. Suga tried his best to keep the mood lively, offering encouraging words to those who needed it, but his form was also cracking under pressure. Even Tanaka didn't seem as upbeat.

Without the usual loud ramblings and cheerful spirit and general pandemonium wrecking the gym, it just wasn't the same anymore, and they could all feel it.

Coach Ukai approached Daichi on Friday.

"I don't know what's going on, but if it goes on this way the team's gonna reach the point of no return. We both don't want that," he said with furrowed eyebrows. "Whatever it is, make sure you patch it up as soon as possible. We can't have the team going on it's current direction."

Daichi nodded. "I'm sorry, coach! I'll try my best to..rectify the situation."

Ukai sighed. He clasped a hand on Daichi's shouder. "Look," he started awkwardly. "I don't pretend to know about the daily troubles of teenage lives, but I know been a teenager isn't easy. And sometimes, people do need to take a break and act their age. Just don't let it go out of hand, alright?"

Daichi nodded again, feeling new found gratitude for his coach.

It wasn't just the fact that their play was affected. The entire team was genuinely worried about the two first-years' mental state. They were all, after all, a family of some sort. And what kind of family didn't care about their family member in some way or another, right?

Kageyama, for the most part, kept his composure in check. He played fine, and whatever it was that was bothering him, he didn't give it any chance to show. He simply seemed a lot more stoic than usual, only speaking when spoken to, and keeping to himself most of the time. The person he became on the court was not affected the slightest, and he could continue practice as per normal, save for the absence of his usually booming voice.

Hinata, though- Hinata was a complete mess.

Most days he stumbled through practice, scrambling for the ball and tripping over his own feet. Sometimes he'd just space out in the middle of practice, only to take a ball to the head ten seconds later. Four out of ten times Hinata would miss the tosses that Suga-san sent his way; never mind Kageyama's tosses. And everyday he'd finish practice soaked in sweat, shoulders sagging, feet dragging across the pavement.

His teammates could see that he was trying, they really could. Hinata was trying his best to keep on being his energetic, buoyant-self. But sometimes, it was just plain exhausting to look at him. The smile

on his face felt false. His laughs sounded hollow. The magic that had everyone who met him captivated was slowly wading, and the team would be lying if they said they weren't panicking about it just a bit.

There were various attempts at trying to solve the issue. Suga tried approaching Hinata again, with his comforting and concerned face, but Hinata flat-out refused to give any sort of answer when inquired about it. Noya stayed around his junior whenever he could during practice time, just so he could bring his mood up. It did help a bit, but everyone could tell Hinata was just trying his best to play along with his over-eccentric senior. Tanaka suggested one day that they should just throw the both of them into a cupboard and lock them in there until they made up (at which Daichi thwacked him on the head again with an unamused look).

"You know, the thing is that none of them even want to talk about it!" he complained on after Daichi left him alone. "We have no idea what happened and it's driving me nuts! I'm pretty sure that if they at least told us about it the whole team wouldn't be on the edge of insanity right now!"

Few could argue against that.

Their antics continued on for an entire week. The team were at their wits' end just watching the two. They didn't know which was more frustrating: the fact that the two were not speaking to each other anymore or the fact that the whole team didn't know the reason why they weren't speaking to each other anymore. Half of them actually considered pulling a Tanaka and stepping in. But Daichi explicitly made clear not to do anything that might throw them off balance at the moment.

But, knowing Hinata and Kageyama, they were perfectly capable of throwing themselves off balance. Which they did.

Practice was the usual "no pain no gain" tyrant that is always was, not once going soft on any of them. Coach Ukai was testing out his toughest training regimen yet, which included a lot of sweat, tears, blood and absolutely no bathroom breaks. They were having a match, five against five, when Asahi spiked a ball that went spiraling straight at Hinata.

Only this time, he might have been a little too caught up in the heat of the moment and he may have hit the ball just a little too hard and Hinata might not have had enough force to receive it.

The spike sent him tumbling down from his position and rolling across the floor in a half-dazed state. The rest of the team sighed, expecting this much from him already. They stood in their positions, waiting for him to get back up on his feet and retrieve the ball.

It came to all of them as a shock when Hinata simply curled up in his position, held his right hand to his chest, and cried out in agony.

The entire gym froze. Hinata was no stranger to pain. He had spent his entire middle school career dedicating himself to getting used to both physical and emotional pain, training with old ladies and young ladies and ladies in general to get a feel of the court. He has had

bumps and bruises and cuts and not once has he batted an eyelash at them. Hell, he's used to getting smacked in the face, for god's sake.

So when he stayed on the floor instead of getting up, gripping his wrist and crying in utter pain instead of shaking it off and going "one more time!" like he would, the team knows it's something serious.

They all gather around Hinata within an instant.

"Shouyou! Are you alright?"

"Ah, I'm so sorry Hinata! I hit the ball too hard..."

"Hinata, hang in there!"

"Hinata, is anything wrong? Are you hurt?"

"Oi, Hinata."

Kageyama's voice came out brittle, flat and laced in anger. All eyes instantly turned towards him.

Hinata, in all the pain he was bearing, still managed to whip a glare out at Kageyama. The setter sighed.

"I'll take him to the locker room, check what's wrong with him," he told the rest, going over and scooping him up in his arms like he was a volleyball.

The rest of the team exchanged looks of '_what the fuck'_. "Um, Kageyama, are you sure?" said Daichi uncertainly. "We should go get Takeda-sensei instead-"

"It's fine, Daichi-san," said Hinata through gritted teeth. He was curled up in Kageyama's arms, still cradling his right hand against his chest. The pain was leaking through his faint hisses. "I- I don't want practice to stop because of...me."

"O-oi, Shouyou, you sure? Maybe you should see a doctor or something-"

"It's _fine_." When he gets like that, everyone knew he wasn't going to let up.

Daichi's gaze softened a little, but he still looked at the two of them wearily. Kageyama merely gave him a curt nod and marched right out of the gym, not at all bothered by the multitude of eyes that followed his every step.

When the doors closed behind the two, the entire gym fell silent.

"So...now what?"

"Well, we continue practicing. What else?"

"..._Or _we could-"

"Can it, Tanaka. Everyone, get back into position!"

* * *

><p>Hinata sat on a bench, staring pointedly at the ground while Kageyama examined his right hand. The latter handled his hand with extreme care, the same way Hinata made sure that he was staring at his shoes and only his shoes with extreme concentration. There were a wave of thoughts running through his mind right now, ranging from _dammit why was I so stupid I could have received it right _to _dammit why was it Kageyama who took me back here_. He wished his heart wasn't thumping so wildly in his chest right now.

Why the hell did that just happen? He's been hit by balls before, in places that hurt way worse. And now suddenly his hand was aching like something had chewed his skin right off. He wanted to shake it off, just like he always did, and bounce back onto the court and _away __from Kageyama_. He didn't want to handle being so close to him now, in the middle of practice. He just wanted to spike tosses and then hightail right out of there when practice was deemed over.

Kageyama gave his hand a small squeeze and Hinata winced at the pain. Kageyama frowned.

"It's broken," he told him flatly. Hinata could tell he was looking at him, but he absolutely refused to meet his gaze right now. He guessed the broken hand was supposed to shock him, or worry him, or whatnot, but the fact that Kageyama was holding his hand ever so gently right now bothered him more than any old broken bone. He bitterly imagined that Kageyama would be berating his ass of right now, if it weren't for their current situation.

"Why the fuck do you always insist on being such a pain in the ass?"

"Oh, so I guess that's all I am to you, huh? A pain in the ass?"

He swallowed his tears.

"Hinata."

He blatantly pretended he didn't hear anything, refusing to acknowledge he was in the same room as him, holding his supposedly broken hand.

"Hinata, look at me."

He ignored the way that voice sent a shiver down his spine. He ignored the way his heart trembled in his chest and the way Kageyama's touch sent electric shocks through his skin.

Kageyama sighed. "Shouyou."

Hinata's shoulders tensed.

"Whatdaya want?" he muttered, turning his head away. "We've already said all there is to be said, haven't we?" He let out an empty laugh. "I mean, I know now all I am is a joke to you-"

"You're not a- god dammit will you just listen-" Kageyama let out a frustrated growl, balling his free hand into a fist. He looked like he wanted to punch something.

Hinata waited, still looking sideways.

Kageyama looked like he was choking on his own saliva. His mouth gaped open like a fish for a small moment, before he shut it tight again. He turned his head sideways too and let out another sigh.

"Look, Sh- Hinata," he tried again, fumbling on each word and looking very uncomfortable with himself. "What I said that day, you know I didn't mean any of it-"

"Oh really? Because you looked like you meant it to me." The tone of his voice almost scared himself. He wasn't in the mood to talk. All he wanted was to throw his head back into the game, leave all this thinking for a later date. But then he thought about his horrid game on the court this past week and he internally seethed at himself.

Kageyama took a deep breath. "We both know that's not true. You're...more important... than you realize." His voice grew smaller with every word. He cleared his throat. "To me, that is." he added awkwardly, feeling a need to clarify.

Hinata slowly turned his head back, but he still didn't look at his partner. "Then why did you say all that?" he mumbled. "I can only think that you're embarrassed of...of us..."

"I'm not!" that had come out a lot louder than it was supposed to be. Hinata jumped a little in his seat, startled, finally willing to look at him. The sudden fire in Kageyama's eyes stirred something inside him. "I'm not embarrassed! I'm just...afraid of how they'd take it. So I panicked, alright? I panicked and I said stuff and I'm sorry." His grip on his hand tightened and although Hinata winced, he didn't draw his hand back. "It's my fault this happened. It's my fault we've both been off our game lately. It's my fault we're both feeling like shit and I'm sorry."

Hinata scoffed internally. Kageyama's game was still so perfect it was annoying to watch. He knew he only said that to not make him feel bad. But he chose not to comment on that.

Instead he kept his gaze fixed on the way Kageyama bit his lip, the way Kageyama squirmed in his position, the way Kageyama's eyes darted around the room like they did whenever he was feeling extremely uncomfortable. Hinata knew he hated it when he wasn't in complete control of a situation. He also knew that Kageyama wasn't good with expressing his feelings. He knew that Kageyama would rather stick his head down a toilet bowl than have a casual chat about emotions or handle things that couldn't be settled with volleyball.

But he also knew that Kageyama was trying. He really was.

He finally settled his eyes on their clasped hands. "You know that I really like you," he mumbled so softly his partner almost didn't catch it.

Kageyama's eyes rested on their hands, too. "I know." was his only reply.

It was Hinata's turn to sigh. "That's why I want to tell them. Because sometimes you make me feel so happy, and I just want them to see how happy you make me too." his cheeks started to color, but he didn't stop. "Like, I want to be able to hold your hand in public and buy milk for you without getting weird looks and- and I just like you so goddamn much, you big idiot- mmph!"

Kageyama's lips on his were just like how he remembered them: soft, warm and inviting. Kageyama pressed them onto his gently and he sighed against them. He had missed this. He had really missed this.

When they broke apart Kageyama knelt down and buried his face in Hinata's lap, hand not once leaving its original spot. "You idiot," he mumbled against his skin. "Of course I would...feel the same way."

Hinata laughed. It didn't feel so heavy now. "You're blushing, aren't you?"

"Shut up."

Hinata started patting his head absentmindedly, , running his fingers through his soft hair, staring at the dark lockers with a small smile on his face. His heart felt lighter, his smile more genuine, and although he had a huge Kageyama draped over him he felt as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

Outside the locker room, peering in through the small opaque window, the minds of the Karasuno Volleyball team members all clicked in unison.

Oh.

Oh.

So _that _was the cause of Kageyama's transformation.

Everything, right down to the abrupt name calling and the sudden silent treatment, suddenly made sense.

_"They're DATING?" _whispered Nishinoya very loudly, making very wild hand gestures all over the place.

Asahi just gaped at the door. Suga shrugged noncommittally, exchanging a look with Daichi. Yamaguchi glanced up at Tsukishima's painfully passive face, and Enoshita looked like a cross between disgustingly pleased and slightly afraid.

Tanaka fist pumped into the air. "Yeah, good for you, Kageyama!" he cried out, making everyone else jump. He took one step closer to the door, hand on the handle. "Your milkshake brought that boy to the yard, and-"

Daichi pulled him back by the collar. "Come on, let them be alone for a minute," he muttered softly so that the two in the room would not

hear him. "We're heading back to practice," he informed the rest of them strictly. He marched himself back to the gym to practice, everyone around in tow.

It was only after some time passed when Noya piped up again, midst the contemplating silence and the smacking of balls. . "So...is anyone going to bring Hinata to the hospital?"

* * *

><p>AN: This was supposed to be drabble idk what happened here ahhhhh**

My first time writing for this fandom. My life has been ruined and it's completely volleyboys' fault.

Hoping to have a few more works on this couple along the way. Depends on my schedule.

You probably can tell I kind of just, gave up at the last part. Too tired. Not enough time. Wanted to get this up by today because it's been getting in the way of my schedule.

Legit haven't written for like, 2 years or so. Characterization and structure of this story might seem weird or choppy. Feel free to leave a review about it if you want to.

End
file.